“My short story”

I was one year old, when my mother left me with my step-grandmother. She did that because she had to work. I was too little when that happened; I think that I just started to learn how to eat pieces of foods. Then I grew up my parents wasn’t by my side all the time. Sometime I open my mind, and suddenly I start to think that I was adopted by them. Now in the present, I just want to try hard to get what I want. I am not the best son in the world. I will show them, my good side that is hiding in me. I want to go ahead but there is something that doesn't let me do it. I feel alone in this world with nobody who will protect me from the evil. I have a wonderful mother and a father who works hard. Especially that I have them alive; I don’t feel them inside of my heart. My life is transparent throughout and my life is fading in to a deeply dimension.

Mournfully:

Samuel Quiroz